



POETRY.

TO E—S—

Yes, I will school this vagrant heart
Till every fond pulsation cease;
Blest it believe 'twere best to part
And be at peace.

Yes, yes, its struggles shall be o'er,
Each feverish throb shall be at rest,
And thou shalt be beloved no more,
Dearest and best.

Ask thine own heart if e'er again
Its inmost feelings could be mine?
It answers no; too long they've lain
On oblivion's shrine.

'Twere better that we ne'er should meet
Than with a cold averted eye,
And hearts that never more can beat
In sympathy.

I can not meet thy altered gaze,
And class thee with the loved of youth,
The cherished one of other days,
And deem it truth.

And I have taught my lips to wear
As bright a smile when thou art near,
As if my bosom knew no care,
My eye no tear.

But when alone, dark thoughts as now,
Will throng around my weary breast,
And clouds will gather on my brow
And banish rest.

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A STORY OF AMERICAN LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

'All men are dreamers: from the hour
When reason first asserts its power,
Unmindful of its bitter sting,
To some deceiving hope we cling—
That hope's a dream.'

'Yes, with all who gaze, confess
That thou art full of loveliness,
With all who for a moment view,
Thy dazzling eyes' unclouded blue.'

'And so, Beauchamp, you are the favored
lover of this unrivalled Miss Mansfield,
at least so dame report tells me.'

'She you know, has long sustained the
character of a notorious liar.'

'But in this instance, I fancy, has blun-
dered into the truth.'

'No, Sumner, she has not; I am not
the favored lover of Miss Mansfield; nor
indeed do I love her at all—though I con-
fess, had I met her in some humble cottage,
uncourted, unflattered, unknown, amid the
obscurity of deep poverty, with her rich
talents, her cultivated mind, her devotion
to every thing noble and generous, I should
have loved her with all my heart's devo-
tion.'

'So you really like her the worse, for
possessing, in addition to all these attrac-
tions, half a million of money.'

'Miss Mansfield would scorn to think
of me as a suitor—but could I even woo,
and win the prize, I would not. Were I
even of her own rank,

'I would worship as soon a familiar star,
That is bright to every eye.'

'And yet I acknowledge she is a glor-
ious creature; every thing a man ought to
love.'

'And with this glorious creature you
spend every hour of leisure in company,
scarcely know whether any body else is
present, acknowledge she is all a man ought
to love, and yet do not love her—rather an
incomprehensible fellow.'

'Yes, perhaps so, but incomprehensible
or not, the girl of my choice, whatever may
be her other qualifications, must, at any
rate, be poor and unknown; like Gray's
flower.'

'Born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.'

'Well, Beauchamp, a fine sentiment
truly. But actually you are the wildest,
most unreasonable, irrational fellow—'

'Not so unreasonable as at first glance
it seems. I am ambitious—ambitious of
fame—glory! and I should blush to owe
my respectability in life to the fortune and
rank of my wife. You will think this idle,
my dear friend; to another than you I
should not speak thus asperingly; but, un-
aided and alone, I will carve out my way
to distinction, through poverty, obscurity,
and neglect.'

'I wish you success, my dear fellow.
I too have had dreams, but they are
over.'

The preceding dialogue occurred between
two young law students, while walking,
one starry evening, along the principal
street of a somewhat noted village, near the
centre of Massachusetts.

Beauchamp, while yet a mere boy, had
been left an orphan, poor and friendless,
with an only and cherished sister; a deli-
cate, timid, and affectionate little girl. He
had thus far struggled manfully, nobly, on
his way to distinction. He had trod the

roughest path of literature; had acquired,
unaided by any thing but his own surpass-
ing talents, a thorough and classical educa-
tion; and was pursuing, with unequalled
application, the dry study of the law.

The village where he resided, had
been accused, and perhaps with justice, of
aristocratical manners, but our young he-
ro's, prepossessing appearance procured
him at once an introduction to its best
society, and made him a favorite in its most
exclusive circles of refinement. In those
circles, he became acquainted with the
young lady referred to in the conversation
between the two students. Julia Mansfield
ought not, perhaps, to be called the belle
of the village; the word, in its common
acceptation, would be derogatory to her
character—but she was decidedly the most
beautiful, the most talked of, the most ad-
mired, and envied, of its fair young girls.
She was brilliant, attractive—in the fashion-
able assembly, no one could gaze at her,
and not admire; but not there did she ap-
pear to the best advantage. At the bed-
side of the sick and suffering poor, she was
indeed a ministering angel. And who
could behold her bending over their lowly
couch, with clustering ringlets, expressive
eyes, and deeply flushed cheeks, and not
love her? The tired and hungry beggar
received food from her hand, and prayed
God to bless her. The wearied and bro-
ken hearted wretch listened to her whis-
pered consolations, and smiled. Her class
in the Sabbath school met her always with
a pleased and happy look. The orphan's
grateful look, the widow's hallowed prayer,
were hers. Fond, passionately fond, of
literary pursuits, and devoted to all endeav-
ments of domestic life, her own home was
heaven to her, and she mixed but little in
general society. But when she did attend
the fashionable balls and parties of the
day, her appearance was always like the
rising of some great luminary, before which
a whole host of lesser lights vanish. Fair
reader, we have so far described a creature
all perfection. There is still room for
faults in the filling up of the character,
and Julia was, indeed, a mere mortal beauty
with many of the passions, faults, varieties,
and foibles of common mortals. But such as
she was,—she was just the creature formed
to captivate the coldest heart. Yet she had
not many suitors, for there was something
in her manners, a mixture of scorn, irony,
and indifference, that told the fops, the
exquisites, the would-be great men of the
day, how much she despised them. The
society and conversation of men of talents
she was fond of, and could listen with com-
placency even to their trifling. Yet in her
conduct towards such men, there was a
spice of—of—something—which, be-
cause no better name occurs, must be cal-
led coquetry—how I hate that word. In-
dulgent reader, do not suppose Miss Man-
sfield was that most heartless of all heartless
things, a designing coquette. No, she
possessed a heart—a heart full of gushing,
and warm, and pure affections.

And does this divine creature really love
me, thought Beauchamp, as he was return-
ing home one evening, after a long, delight-
ful interview with Julia, (their intercourse
had continued for more than a year, had
ripened into intimacy.) She who has re-
jected the proudest of our land, will she be
mine? It is evident she prefers my society
to any other—she pours into my bosom
her deepest thoughts, her wildest dreams,
while the deeply suffused cheek tells any
thing but indifference. Yes, she loves me—
her undisguised and frank nature pro-
claims it, in every word, and look, and ac-
tion. But why does this conviction come
like a pang across my bosom? Do I not
love her in return? Yes, heaven knows
how deeply, fervently, I love, I idolize her.
But something whispers this love will be
a curse. It was not my young dream, to
be sure, to marry a celebrated beauty, an
heiress, a being worshipped by all the world.
No, some beautiful girl, whose rich talents
and exalted virtues, had been always
hidden by poverty and obscurity, was the
ideal mistress of my young and wild im-
agination. But that foolish dream has been
long past. For months, it has been my
object to win the heart of Julia Mansfield.
And that pure young priceless heart is
mine—almost without a doubt. And am I
not supremely happy? Yes—begone evil
genius, I am, I will be so, in spite of all
thy whisperings. But her parents, will
they consent to our union? Her sensible,
prudent father—her proud, inconsistent
mother? Why should I doubt it? Judge
Mansfield has ever acted towards me as a
warm and steady friend; he speaks con-
temptuously of that superiority which is
founded on riches; and I have heard him
declare, that in the all important affair of
choosing a partner for life, his daughter
should not be crossed! Her mother—she
is an inexplicable character! but then I
have always been her favorite. They have
both seen, without discouraging, our inter-

course. They must have seen, for neither
of them lack penetration, our growing affec-
tion. Yet she is allowed to sit alone with
me for hours—she rides with me, and hour
after hour we wander together through
the most delightful scenery. Pray, Pray
Mr. Beauchamp, forgive me, for thus ex-
posing your private thoughts. The thoughts
of any romantic lover, however talented,
when reduced to words, and, especially,
when read aloud, will appear very, very
foolish.

All Beauchamp's apprehension, or pre-
monition, (is there no word that will ex-
press my meaning, I can think of none,) but
the 'something' which whispered 'this
love will be a curse,' had vanished, and
was entirely forgotten the next day, as the
lovers sat together in one of their fa-
vorite and romantic haunts. Their seat
was formed by what had been a monarch
of the forest; but now uprooted by some
tornado, and stripped by ruthless time of
all its branches, it lay like other fallen
majesties, a proud wreck of its former great-
ness. Between them, and the house from
which they had wandered, hand in hand,
lay, stretched out in true New England
glory, an extensive orchard, or rather forest,
as it seemed, of fruit trees, dressed in
unrivalled bloom. The beautiful white
mansion was entirely hidden from view,
but the top of the willow grove in front of it,
was seen waving, arrayed in spring's first
tender green. A little brook was dancing
at our lovers' feet; and from its margin
rose abruptly, on the opposite side, craggy
and moss-covered rocks, which terminated
in a lofty hill, crowned with unchanging,
but gloomy evergreens: and glimmering
through their branches like gold, was seen
the setting sun. That sequestered and
narrow valley was full of nature's simple
but affecting music. There was music in
the gurgling of the wild brook, rushing on
its devious way, like a wayward and wild
boy in pursuit of pleasure; there was mu-
sic in the lonely and plaintive notes of the
whippoorwill; music in the hum of the next
village, which came softened in the distance;
music in the merry peals of the factory bell,
proclaiming to the tired operators that the
long weary hours of labor were closed,
and evening, sweet season of rest and amuse-
ment, had arrived. It was a fitting hour,
a fitting scene, for young hearts to enshrine
their first fond vows of love and everlasting
fidelity, to mingle their wild and hitherto
untold dreams. Mutual confessions were
made—mutual vows—though unheard by
mortals, were registered, were they not?
In heaven. Julia never seemed to Beau-
champ, much as he had long loved her,
half so lovely as at that bewildering moment
when he caught, half breathed from glow-
ing lips the frank confession that she loved him.
It was an hour, a scene never forgot-
ten. Its memory—but we will not antici-
pate our story.

CHAPTER II.

'The lover hangs on some bright eye,
And dreams of bliss in every sigh;
But brightest eyes are deep in guile—
And he who trusts their fickle smile,
Trusts in a dream.'

'I've sighed that charms like thine should be
Possessed by one so false as thee.'

An unusually happy group were assem-
bled one evening around a cheerful fire,
in the elegantly furnished parlour of Judge
Mansfield. It consisted of himself and wife,
their two eldest sons, just returned from a
tour through most of the countries of Eu-
rope, Julia, her younger sister Margaret,
and a rosy cheeked boy of twelve. James
Beauchamp too was there. The conver-
sation was lively and very interesting; but
the favored lover, though unusually animat-
ed, was rather absent minded. You will
forgive him, gentle reader, for only that
afternoon had Julia's parents, for the first
time expressed their entire approbation of
his union with their peerless daughter—and
the happy day to consummate his bliss,
though not definitely fixed, it was agreed
should be sometime the ensuing spring. A
deeper blush than usual was still bath-
ing the expressive features of Julia, who,
amidst the general vivacity and interest of
the scene, sat silent, her eyes fixed intently
on a book; how her thoughts were
employed, we leave the reader to imagine.
Beauchamp held a literary paper in his
hand, but only looked at it occasionally.
He conversed with the young Mansfields
about the governments of Europe; but
Margaret, a fair haired girl who sat by his
side, with an expression of raillery on her
bright face, could not once or twice sup-
press an audible laugh, at his blunders,
blushes and apologies.

Time passed rapidly on; the conversa-
tion grew more and more animated and in-
teresting; but Julia still obstinately ad-
hered to her book. A visitor was announced
and Judge Mansfield introduced the Hon.
Mr. Durant, whose acquaintance he had
made, the preceding winter, at Washington.
Durant's personal appearance was striking

and prepossessing; his conversation rich
with knowledge, talent and taste, was all
that could interest and captivate. Julia's
book was thrown aside, and she listened to
her father's friend, whose eloquence in de-
bate she had often heard spoken of, (she
was a devout worshipper at the shrine of
eloquence) with an apparently absorbing
attention; while the expressive glances he
directed towards her showed he was not
indifferent to beauty. James felt himself
thrown at once into the back ground. He
was unusually, painfully, and consciously
embarrassed, in the presence of the haugh-
ty southerner, and he at last became en-
tirely and gloomily silent, while his con-
versation seemed not at all missed by the
happy and loquacious party. During the
evening, Durant received and accepted an
invitation to spend several weeks in the
family of Mansfield. At this, James could
hardly repress a frown. Did he doubt
Julia's constancy? Even to his own heart
he would not have acknowledged it. But
then he was perfectly conscious that the
proud young stranger possessed infinitely
the advantage of him, in person and man-
ners, in eloquence, rank, riches, and popu-
larity: and he could not bear to be out-
shone in the presence of his mistress. With
the wild enthusiasm of a lover, he imagined
no one could behold her without adoration.
Durant was not unknown, by reputation,
to any of the present party; for he was not
only a statesman and an orator but a poet.
Of his poetry, Julia Mansfield had always
been a most immoderate admirer. No
wonder then, that in the present juncture
of affairs, her lover felt rather uncomforta-
ble.

The honoured guest pleaded fatigue and
retired early. The rest of the party, ex-
cept James and Julia, soon followed his
example. The lovers were left alone; and
each, from some cause or other, which it
is not necessary to ascertain, felt more awk-
wardly than they had been wont to feel on
similar occasions. Beauchamp walked to
the window, gazed some time at the stars,
and I suppose, (for he appeared to be gaz-
ing at something,) made some trifling and
unanswered remarks on the brilliancy of
the evening, and then carelessly (he must,
it should appear so,) crossed over to the
opposite side of the room, where Julia
was seated on a velvet cushioned sofa, and
placed himself by her side. She put back
the crimson curtains, and they were bathed
in a rich flood of moonlight. The coals
were glowing on the hearth, the chairs stood
in the places where they had lately been
occupied, books lay in confusion on the ta-
ble, and several newspapers were scattered
about the carpet. Silence seemed to
reign as the presiding deity of the room.
Julia took up a book. Her lover gazed
at the decaying fire.

'Pray,' said Beauchamp, after there had
been an awful pause, 'pray Miss Mansfield,
what is this book you are so deeply inter-
ested in?'

'Oh! the poems of Durant.'

'And are you as partial to their author,
as to his works?'

'More so, Beauchamp. How do you
like him?'

'Oh, very well indeed. He is a man
of first rate talents, and noble looking cer-
tainly; but I really wonder how he could
ever write such foolish poems.'

Julia laughed. She and James had en-
joyed many an animated dispute about
these poems.

'I will be candid, though, Julia,' said
Beauchamp, after a short pause, 'I told you
I liked this haughty South Carolinian, but
I really do not. There is something about him
I absolutely hate.'

Julia laughed again, then looked a little
displeased, but made no reply. And after
another long pause, and a little conversa-
tion on indifferent subjects, the lovers part-
ed, neither of them so happy as they had
been at sunset. Three days after, Durant
wrote the following letter:

To—

'Well, my dear fellow, I have been trav-
elling, the middle of March, for amusement
in the inhospitable climate of New England.
The roads quite frightful—mud and snow
a foot deep. But I am now safe from the
horrors of the road and climate, and what
is still more consoling, from political storms;
enjoying a perfect Paradise in the hospita-
ble mansion of Judge Mansfield, whose ac-
quaintance you and I had the good for-
tune to make last winter at Washington.
I assure you I consider myself the most
fortunate fellow in the world, in getting
acquainted with this grave old New Eng-
lander; otherwise I might, perhaps, never
have beheld the most beautiful object in
the world—I mean my friend's daughter.
All my wildest dreams of beauty, the bright
visions of boyhood, which have been for
years almost forgotten, are fully realized
in this northern deity. And then she is
not the cold hearted, dull, lifeless thing,
that northern beauties at Washington have

always appeared to me. There is a warmth,
an exuberance of feeling, about her. Mans-
field ought to have taken her to Washing-
ton. I am glad, however, he has never
done so. I will introduce her there next
winter as Mrs. Durant. True she has a
lover, a young law student, a good fellow
enough, but not worthy of Julia. She
shall never be his, W—, I am resolved.
He was here, quite one of the family cir-
cle, the evening I arrived. I guessed (you
see I am getting quite Yankeeified,) at once
he was the lover of that glorious creature,
who had at first sight almost bewitched
me, and I treated him accordingly. I
was determined he should not shine in
conversation, and I succeeded in making
him appear insignificant, at least he with-
ed in total silence, and no one suspected
me. You, W—, understand these mat-
ters. He has called once since, and, to
my infinite satisfaction, went away with a
clouded brow. It is a good deal galling to
the youth's feelings, that I can spend my
whole time with Julia, while he only sees
her occasionally. (I ought to have told
you that I had accepted an invitation to
spend several weeks in my friend's family.)
I saw this invitation gave the poor baffled
fellow a good deal of uneasiness. Write
me directly—but do not trouble me with
political affairs. Be sure to say nothing
about the — question. Yours,

EGBERT DURANT.

'Mr. W—.'

CHAPTER III.

'Tis over! I have flung thee off,
With careless heart and bitter scoff—
Thou! who didst dare—fool that thou wert,
To trifle with a bursting heart.'

Nearly three months have passed after
the date of our last chapter. Beauchamp
still continued his visits at Mansfield's,
though they were no longer the blissful
meetings they had been. Julia, upon one
pretence or another, had insisted upon
deferring their marriage, and she no longer
treated him with that uniform respect she
used to do; indeed he thought she had
often wantonly trifled with his feelings.
Often, when he called, she was engaged on
some excursion of pleasure with Durant
and her brothers. Once they had gone to
Boston; another time they had ridden out
with the intention of ascending Wachusset.
He was never asked to be of their party.
Still Julia would occasionally express un-
diminished regard for him in looks and
actions, if not in words; and he would not
believe her false.

He called one Sunday evening to walk
with her. 'Oh, she has walked out with
your rival,' said the laughing Margaret, in
reply to his inquiries for Julia.

'And who do you call my rival, Marga-
ret?—pray be definite.'

'O you know as well as I do—the all-
conquering Mr. Durant, to be sure,—ora-
tor, statesman, and poet. Do you know,
James, that Julia often wishes you could
write poetry? Now, if you would try, I
am sure you could write better poetry than
this overbearing southerner.'

'I shall not try, Margaret,' he said, with
a abject smile, and immediately left the house.

He wandered along through the orchard
towards the little valley already mentioned,
till arrested by the sound of Julia's voice,
singing with its most enchanting softness
one of his favorite songs, one she had a
thousand times sung to him. He saw her
sitting on the very spot where one year
before they had, for the first time, exchang-
ed vows of love and truth. Durant was
by her side—her hand was pressed to his
lips. With a maddened soul Beauchamp
turned abruptly away.

The same evening he met Julia. She
smiled, and seemed in unusual spirits; but a
few unpleasant remarks from him soon al-
tered her capricious gaiety.

They sat together by the window of a
little back parlour, their favourite room—
Beauchamp and his affianced bride.
There had been a long, long, painful silence.
A cloud was on Beauchamp's brow, and
Julia's face was fitfully shaded by contend-
ing emotions. The lovely scenery that lay
in delicious and calm beauty before them,
was not quite unheeded, nor was it the
engrossing subject of their thoughts. The
tall willows, beneath whose drooping branch-
es had been their once-acquainted seat—the
luxuriant and full-blooming rose-bush,
which they together had taught to shade
the window, and from which a sweet per-
fume was now stealing through the room—
in the distance, Wachusset rearing its
blue summit to the azure sky—all these,
and many other familiar objects, recalled
memories not in unison with their present
feeling.

Beauchamp had plucked a full-blooming
rose, and sat unconsciously scattering its
beautiful leaves upon the floor.

'What has that poor rose done,' said
Julia, trying to laugh, 'that you thus wan-
tonly destroy it?'

He looked up for an instant, with a voluminous expression in his dark, brilliant eyes, which made Julia bend her gaze again upon the floor, dispelled her borrowed smile, and blanched her cheek; but he replied not in words.

Durand, at this time, was in his own chamber, writing the following letter:

'WELL, W—, three months have passed since the date of my last letter, and I am still at Mansfield's. I have not been here the whole time, however, but have made excursions into all parts of New England. In some of these, I have been accompanied by Julia. Her brothers and sisters, I ought in justice to say, were with her; but these are mere epherals in my estimation. It was during one of these delightful excursions that I first dared to breathe to Julia love's impassioned language.

'We stood on the green borders of James' river—the bright young leaves of spring were dancing in the moonshine—the soft air was delicious with the fragrance of surrounding orchards: a gentle breeze was showering around us the fallen blossoms of the apple. Her hand was in mine; the party had strayed to some distance; we were silent—all was silent around, except the whispering of the leaves, and the gentle murmuring stream. I pressed her hand to my heart, and—'but you can guess what I said. I was never more eloquent. But then she withdrew her hand, which actually vibrated with agitation, and said she must not listen to such language—she was engaged to James Beauchamp. A damper—but I was not discouraged. I pleaded my own cause more earnestly than lawyer ever pleaded for his client; and she did listen, though she had said she must not.—But it was not till a few days ago, when we were again left together on the top of Wachussett, that she told me, with all the fond, confiding frankness of her nature, that she loved me—that her love for Beauchamp had never been more than a dream. Ecstatic, divine moment! It was not moonlight: the bright rays of a glorious sun showed to advantage the deepening red of her velvet cheek, and allowed me to drink the rich expression of these unrivalled eyes. If Beauchamp could then have seen and heard us, I would not have answered for the consequences. He is a spirited and fiery youth, though raised beneath the cold skies of New England.

'Julia has promised to explain her sentiments to Beauchamp. They are now together. I am growing impatient; but it is their last *tele-a-tete*, and its immoderate length must be submitted to—'

'Beauchamp has just left the house: there is an awful cloud upon his brow. I hasten to the angel girl; so good-bye.

EGBERT DURAND.

'Mr. W—,

We return, gentle reader, to the elegant little apartment where we left our exemplary lovers absorbed in silent, but not very pleasant reflection.

'This trifling—this finished coquetry,' said Beauchamp, at last, 'is no longer to be submitted to. Your conduct towards this Durand, this proud slave-holder, has been, you are aware, very inconsistent with your engagements to me. I have a right to resent it. But, Julia, I still love you—love you deeply—though I could despise my own weakness. Yet I am no willing slave to a blind and hopeless passion. If you will be my wife—'

He paused; and Julia exclaimed in a trembling voice—

'This is a painful subject, James; I would end it at once. I can never be your wife. I know my hand is pledged—I know all the foolish things I have said; but, James, you will not, cannot receive this hand, though offered, when I tell you my heart is another's!'

'It is enough! I understand you—enjoy your triumph. But remember, the heart and hand of a coquette are alike valueless to me! And with a cold good night, a haughty step, and a burning cheek, he left the house.

There was indeed a cloud on his brow, and a long enduring blight on his deep affections. He loitered to his boarding-house, entered his chamber, locked the door, threw open the window, sat down, and, leaning his head upon his hand, remained thus motionless for hours. We need not trace the current of his thoughts, but they were sufficiently bitter.

The air of midnight had cooled the fever of his brain, ere he penned a letter to his sister, a loved and lovely girl, who was now training her soul to patience in the arduous employment of teaching a public school.

BEAUCHAMP TO HIS SISTER.

DEAR LUCY—I thank you much for a long, kind, and interesting letter. A long time has elapsed since I received it. I have no good excuse to plead in extenuation of this neglect, and can only ask you to forgive me. I have indeed lately been a negligent correspondent, but I will not be so in future. I am now fully alive to your tenderness; I fully realize the value of that priceless gem, a sister's love. I have just been reading over your letter; and, deadened as the feelings of youth are, by intercourse with a heartless world, I have wept long and violently over the memories it recalled. The allusions you make to the home of our childhood, our first, and indeed our only home, have touched a chord in my bosom which will never cease to vibrate. Do you remember, Lucy, how we used to sit on the steps of our cottage-door, and watch the clouds pass over the moon? How vivid the scene is in my recollection? The old elm tree before us, with its bending branches—to the left that green mead-

ow, where we used to gather wild strawberries, and the blue stream, with its capacious wanderings—how lovely it looked by moonlight—and a thousand other familiar objects; I need not describe them—and our parents seated within the cottage.

'Lucy, we are orphans now! Oh how does this cold truth strike home upon the heart!—There is no paternal home for us to visit. How often, in the course of the last ten years, when I have heard my companions, my fellow-students, talk of 'going home.' Home!—Oh what a world of delightful associations is comprised in that one word! and they are lost to us!

'Well, we will not despair, though we do know something of the vicissitudes of life, the humiliations of poverty, the coldness, the injustice of mankind; though we feel in its bitterness the orphan's lonely doom. We have blessings, many blessings—youth, health, unsullied reputation, and sincere affection for each other; and with these materials for happiness, it is foolish to repine.

'I am still pursuing my studies. They have, of late, met with some interruption, but I shall now return to them with redoubled ardor. I will yet, Lucy, stand among the proudest of our land. I will occupy a station to which those, who now look down with scorn on me, shall not dare to aspire.

'One part of your letter I have not yet noticed; under existing circumstances, I ought, perhaps, to do so. You asked me to present your love to Miss Mansfield; this I have complied with. You say that you anticipate the pleasure of soon calling her sister Julia. I am candid when I tell you, she will never be my wife. I have had a dream of life—but am now awake, and laughing at my folly. I did love indeed a creature of my own imagination, and I fancied Julia Mansfield was that being; but she has proved herself unworthy a man of spirit, and I shall forget that she was ever more to me than a common acquaintance. Yet I would not do the young lady injustice. Do not imagine she has been guilty of any heinous crime; she has only jilted me—but I hate a coquette. You may have all that fund of affection which was hers, it will not double your former share though. Fame is now my mistress, and I shall woo her with no divided attention.

'Write me, dear sister, often, familiarly, and confidentially. In whom can you place confidence, if not in your only brother? You can hardly think how tremulously anxious I am for your welfare. Believe me, your sincerely affectionate brother,

JAMES BEAUCHAMP.

'Miss Lucy Beauchamp.'

(To be continued)

From the Toronto Patriot, October 14.

ON THE UNION OF THE PROVINCES.

This has become a favorite notion among the British population in the Lower province, because it is regarded as the surest means of vanquishing the French Jacobin faction. Those who think thus must entertain some ulterior views respecting the representation, for the present position of the two provinces in this respect forbids any favorable hope. The present representation of the Lower province consists of 88 members, of whom 80 are the puppets of Papineau, and the remaining eight constitutionalists. Our own consists of 62, of whom 44 are constitutionalists, and 18 Papineau-men, giving to the destructionists an aggregate of 98 sweet voices against 52 conservatives. How then are the French Jacobins thus to be vanquished?

'Our representation will gradually increase,' say the favorers of the Union. What will a gradual increase avail us for the present? If a union take place, we should be prepared to meet the French on the instant on equal terms, otherwise we might be prevented from ever so meeting them; besides, how are we sure, that a gradual increase of our representation will at any time enable us to overmatch, or even equal the French Jacobins? We must recollect that Jacobinism has spread here, as well as in the Lower province, and that it has constantly at its bellows its excommunicated Priests! its seditious McKenzies, and a variety of unprincipled ruffians to extend the flame, in the hope of inducing a general plunder in which they may participate. In such a predicament it would be madness to embrace a faction we know to be armed with the deadly sting of national animosity; before a union could be rendered in any manner safe, it would be necessary not only to double our representation, but very materially to modify our law of Franchise. But why unite the two provinces? Surely Great Britain has Five North American Provinces, and why not array our whole strength, which will ensure us victory, rather than enter with a fraction of our power upon a more than doubtful contest. This is the only union that ought to be contemplated for a single instant, and this should be effected with all possible speed. It would not only effectually crush the French Jacobin faction, but knit the British Provinces in a bond of brotherhood, & finally consolidate them into one great and invulnerable Empire. We compassionate the sufferings of our fellow-subjects of the Lower province, and would most heartily uphold any feasible scheme for their relief, but none such can we discover in the project of a union of the two provinces, which, on the contrary, we behold as the surest imaginable means of adding to the ferocity and strength of the enemies who seek their destruction. If the British Government be so destitute of fore-sight, as to rest its

hopes of peace for the colonies on so miserable an expedient, we can only say, that pity it is, the destinies of Great Britain should be entrusted to the hands of so weak and imbecile a ministry. Let us be called on to second a laudable determination in his Majesty, to reduce the ungrateful refractory French faction, to a due reverence for his person and government, & to a proper observance of our Constitution and laws, and we are ready with our arms to support his supremacy, but let us not be delivered over bound hand & foot to his enemies and ours. We copy from that abomination of the Upper Canada press, the excommunicated Priest's Correspondent and Advocate of Wednesday, the following delectable paragraph—

'What will be the result of this coalition between one man in Downing-street, who has neither leisure nor industry to attend to your wants, and a whole people constitutionally claiming relief through the medium of their honored representatives? It cannot for a moment be supposed that the Commons will ever recede one iota from their deliberate and declared determination, in obedience to his will. Were they to entertain such a thought, they would be branded with the grossest inconsistency & cowardice, and would deservedly sink into perpetual contempt & execration. What then will be the result? In our solemn judgment the Minister must *volens volens* yield to the repeatedly expressed wishes of the people, or the Canadas will soon cease to be an appendage of the British Empire. Deplorable and indeed intolerable would be our condition, were it to be made worse than it is at present. Excluded as we are from a full participation in all the benefits of the British Constitution, any attempt to deprive us of the little liberty we are yet suffered to enjoy, would be to arouse and unite both Provinces into an inflexible spirit of resistance.'

What base, insidious counsel—what wilful falsehood—what iniquity, are enveloped in these few words! 'A whole people constitutionally claiming relief through the medium of their honored representatives!!' Knows not his Ex-Reverence that full one-third of the 'whole people' have no 'honored representatives,' or, what is the same thing, so small a number, that, however firm in purpose, and cogent in reason, they are outvoted and overwhelmed by the marshalled band of rebels, whom he styles 'honored representatives,' as he was wont to style their arch leader, 'the brilliant Papineau,' and his understrapper, Mr. Speaker Bidwell, the 'highly gifted personage.'

This foul apostate tells us, that if these said 'honored representatives,' recede one iota from the deliberate and declared determination, 'they would be branded with the grossest inconsistency and cowardice, and would deservedly sink into perpetual contempt and execration.' This is just the predicament into which his Ex-Reverence himself has fallen; and it is in the dismal swamp of his disgrace that he has matured his 'solemn judgment' that 'the Minister must *NOLENS VOLENS* yield to the repeatedly expressed wishes of the people, or the Canadas will soon cease to be an appendage of the British Empire.'—What a 'judgment!'—almost as sage as his 'judgment,' that if the Minister should dare to refuse compliance with Papineau's modest request to overthrow the constitution, he would 'arouse and unite both provinces into one inflexible spirit of resistance.' This is the vain threat of a discomfited anarchist.

'Who's sold his wig to buy a pig, But he is disappointed!'

This province has indeed already shown an inflexible spirit of resistance;...but what has it resisted? Happily, not the King's supremacy, nor the Constitution & Laws—but a cankerous band of levelling ruffians, incited to mischief by the very excommunicated priest who now dares, from his pit of infamy, thus to libel this generous and loyal people.

As for his Ex-Reverence's egregious twaddle about the wishes of the Lower Canadian people expressed through their 'honored representatives,' no one knows better than his Ex-Reverence, that his assertions are deceptive and false. He knows that the people of Lower Canada have no such wishes as are expressed by the traitor Papineau and his servile 'constellation of moral excellence';—he knows that, excluded from the light of education, the *Enfants du Sol* have no political wishes whatever, but, satisfied with their abundant physical enjoyments, they are a contented, happy, and inoffensive people, who vote for Papineau, and at his dictation, merely from pride of origin. They are entirely unaware of his designs, and of the consequences to which his repeated bold attempts at their accomplishment may lead; and when wanted to second his schemes by any overt act of rebellion, the traitor will find to his cost that they will be immovable; and he will have the mortification of hanging in no better company than that of a few rogues and vagabonds who form the scum of Quebec and Montreal, unless indeed a certain excommunicated Priest would join his 'brilliant' idol, to manifest, in his sublime presence, his 'inflexible spirit of resistance' to our Sovereign, our Constitution and our Laws.

Let the British Ministry contemplate the morbid condition of Lower Canada as they may, and we defy them to propound more than two rational modes of cure, which are, a union of ALL the British Provinces, or a suspension of the CONSTITUTION, and the administration of the Government by a Governor and Council. These we say again, are the only remedies equal to

the exigency, and either would prove infallible.

We here present to our readers a specimen of demoniacal rant worthy a fallen angel, which is the concluding paragraph of the articles from which we have quoted above.

'Will the Reformers of Upper Canada remain passive spectators of the glorious struggle in which this patriotic people are now engaged? Or will they not rather every where combine to encourage them to fresh exertions and perseverance. Honor, duty, interest equally demand our most earnest co-operation with them, and the craven who withholds it does not deserve to enjoy liberty. True Reformers will not be awed into silence by the base assassins who muffle themselves in the thread-bare cloak of loyalty to the government, & stab their country to the heart. On the contrary, they will every where form themselves into political societies, and notwithstanding that they cannot give free expression to their sentiments through the medium of Sir Francis Bond Head's 'bread & butter' Parliament, they will at least, encourage by resolutions and addresses, thro' the medium of the press, that gallant band of heroes, that have taken the field alone, and are nobly fighting the battles of every province in British North America.'

Of what would not this renegade Priest be guilty, were his opportunistic means but equal to his will!!! No trust, however sacred, but he would betray; no passion, however base, but he would gratify; no scene of blood that ever disgraced the French Revolution so horrible, but he would figure in it with alacrity as Assassin-in-Chief! Hear him designate a knot of rebellious French Jacobins 'this patriotic people' and a gallant band of heroes, and call upon the Reformers of this Province, by a sense of 'honor, duty, interest,' every where to combine to encourage them to fresh exertions & perseverance.—We unhesitatingly say, that any one using such reasonable declamation deserves no better treatment than to be drummed out of society, with a halter round his neck;—indeed, his former treacheries have long entitled him to such appropriate honors.

We opine that the increased audacity of his Ex-Reverence has originated in a report that New York swarms with French officers, destined to discipline, marshal, and command Papineau's army of *Enfants du Sol*; to which gang of miscreants, in the aspirations of his guilty ambition, his Ex-Reverence is hoping to prove as *chaste* and *incomparable* a Chaplain as he was signalized when following the forlorn hope of Don Pedro's Brazilian scum. We however, undismayed by his menaces, and unimpaired by his prayers, say with our gallant British Chief—

'LET THEM COME IF THEY DARE!!!'

ENGLAND AND HER NORTH AMERICAN PROVINCES.

When we speak of England we include Ireland and Scotland, and the whole of the British Isles, of which England is chief; and we never wish to speak of her but with reverence, with duty, and affection. She is the centre of intelligence, the mart of trade and industry, the citadel of freedom, and the wonder of the world.

Her power is unexampled; it extends over all parts of the world; with a population of twenty four millions in the three kingdoms, she connects a population of a hundred millions in Asia, Africa, America, and Australasia; her knowledge, her capital, and industry, her arts, and the liberal principles of her Government influence, without including her offspring of fifteen millions in the United States of America, the whole of them; and her trade, ships, and naval power bind them all together in one proud and glorious Empire, to which it is an honour to belong.

But in this high and palmy state of her greatness, there are occasionally alarming symptoms of decay. In the political body, as well as in the natural body, it is at the extremities that the diseases of the principal organs of life and vigour are felt.

The twenty-three years of war which followed the French revolution,—the extraordinary powers which were possessed by those who governed in England during that period, occasioned extraordinary expenditures, and gave rise to many abuses, and an enormous debt.

This weighed heavily on the people; and although after the peace taxes were diminished, they continued at the rate of about forty shillings sterling for each individual, in the three Kingdoms. As the poorer classes barely earned their subsistence, they of course paid little or nothing; but those who had risen to wealth by the war, or government expenditures, or from success in business, found the taxes a grievous burthen. It was this, and a feeling of jealousy against the higher classes, in whom the power of the state had been vested and who had used that power in many instances, with a high hand, that produced a reform in the representation of the House of Commons in 1832.

This reform did not answer the expectations of those that were in favour of it. It is generally acknowledged that the character of the House of Commons was not improved. The expenditure has not diminished, and the pressure of taxation is felt as before. Several noisy political adventurers have got into the House, and are making a trade of politics, without contributing in the least to forward the public business and practical improvement. The reformed House of Commons consists of a great majority of independent and honourable men, whose interests are inseparable

from those of their country; but they are divided into parties which are nearly balanced, and the one which has had the majority ever since the reform bill was passed is in a minority in the House of Lords.

Although the Government of England is a monarchy, the power and influence of the two Houses of Parliament is such, that the principal servants of the King, through whom alone he acts in the execution of the laws and in the discharge of nearly the whole duties of the Crown, are almost necessarily chosen from among the party having a majority in Parliament.

But after the second general election, under the Reform Act, there is in fact, no such majority from whom the Ministry can be chosen by the Crown. Even in the House of Commons there is no decided majority in the Commons, no ministry would have attempted to carry on the Government with a majority in the Commons hardly surpassing their own number, and certainly not equal to the votes of their immediate dependents, and with a decided majority against them in the House of Lords.

A government so circumstanced, can have nothing of the vigour which has characterised the British Government; none of the power and settled policy which is essential to the Government of a great and extended Empire.

Even the Walpoles and the Norths formed a more efficient Government than the Ministers of the Crown. The days of the Cathams and the Pitts seem to have gone for ever.

The evil, however, is in the people themselves. They alone can correct it, and if they do not, and that speedily, they may bid—

'Farewell! a long farewell to all their greatness.'

England, great as is the valour, the virtue the wisdom, and the wealth of her population, must be reduced to what she was before she became the centre and soul of this great Empire!

We have said that the decline of healthy vigour on the vital functions most frequently shows itself in the extremities.

The North American Colonies are peculiarly situated. Their duty, their affections, their interest bind them to England. But they cannot do without a Government. There is virtually no Government in England which alone can legally give the impulse and effect to her Colonial and dependant Governments. If they assume their own Government, they are guilty of treason to the King. They commence the breaking up of the British Empire. The persevering loyalty of some of the Colonies may hold out for a time, and put down faction and the promoters of disorder and disaffection; but it cannot last without a vigorous and settled policy on the part of the home Government, supported, if necessary, by real power, without which to speak of Government and particularly Colonial Government is an absurdity.

We believe that at present there are complaints in all the North American Colonies in respect to their Government; many of them are well founded, and when complaints are encouraged by weakness, they will multiply without end. Every evil that is felt or imagined by individuals, as well as by bodies of men, will be ascribed to such a Government.

We shall not attempt to speak for the other Colonies, but we may venture to describe—

The present condition of Lower Canada under the Government of a King of England.

1. The local Legislature is divided against itself, one of the Houses seeking the destruction of the other for several years past.

2. The people rallying under prejudice of natural origin, industriously excited by political leaders, who by this means are sure of popular support.

3. An Executive Government kept for three years without the means of paying its officers for the execution of the laws, while the money is levied on the people in virtue of permanent acts, and kept in the Chest.

4. The Judges for the same time without their salaries, and dependant on their tradesmen and fellow townsmen, on whose causes they are to decide, while they are constantly exposed to the calumnious charges of the representative body, without its having provided the means of bringing them to trial before an impartial and independent Tribunal.

5. The Cities and towns left without any funds for police purposes, or legal means of levying any, while thefts and robberies, and murders in the streets are of frequent occurrence, and no proper place of detention for criminals.

6. The roads and bridges, made at the expense of the Province, falling to ruin and no improvements going on.

7. No amelioration of the existing laws but a virtual abdication of their legislative functions by the representative Assembly.

8. Real property rapidly declining in value and the employment of capital discouraged.

9. Labour and Agricultural produce deprived of the natural reward, and the only trade which keeps industry alive, threatened in its existence.

10. Disloyalty, disaffection and contempt of the legal and judicial authorities encouraged and widely disseminated; and the very existence of the Government threatened.

Such is a true outline of the main features of the present condition of Lower Canada, the correctness of which none will

venture to deny, however, much parties may differ as to the cause.
Can such a state of things last?
Is this the Government that a British King and a British Parliament intended for Canada?
Or do they intend for us something worse, the Government of men, who voluntarily and perseveringly, or ignorantly have brought the province to its present condition.
Let the British Parliament and the people of England, Ireland & Scotland answer, and save themselves and us, before it is too late.

On Saturday last, an elderly man above 60, named Andre Lapointe, formerly of Ste. Foy, who gains his livelihood by peddling small articles, was attacked on passing through Carouge Wood, above Sillery Cove, by about eight or ten persons, men and women, and cruelly beaten and robbed of his effects and part of his clothing. He was dragged into the woods, where the robbers had an encampment, his hands and feet tied, and kept from one o'clock till about four, when they left the place. He then managed to get his feet loose, and proceeded half naked to Ste. Foy, where he has relations, and gave the alarm. Yesterday, after morning service, a party set out and ranged the woods, accompanied by the old man, although he was very weak from the injury he had received. They finally arrested three persons, whom he recognised, at Carouge Hill, and found part of his effects in their possession. Some others, among whom was Dunas, who got out of gaol at the close of the last Criminal Term, were among those who escaped.
The old man has lost nearly his all, and the things found cannot be restored to him till after the conviction of the robbers. A subscription fund ought to be raised to indemnify persons robbed, when, by their exertions, the offenders are arrested and identified, or the effects found in their possession. This would add a powerful motive for the pursuing and apprehending the gangs of thieves who now infest the town and country.—*lb.*

SWEDISH LAWS WITH RESPECT TO INTOXICATION.—The laws against intoxication are enforced with great rigor in Sweden. Whoever is seen drunk is fined, for the first offence, three dollars; for the second, six; for the third and fourth, a still larger sum, and is also deprived of the right of voting at elections, and of being appointed a representative. He is, besides publicly exposed in the parish church on the following Sunday. If the same individual is found committing the same offence a fifth time, he is shut up in a house of correction, & condemned to six months hard labour; and if he is again guilty, to a twelve months' punishment of a similar description. If the offence has been committed in public, such as at a fair, an auction, &c. the fine is doubled; and if the offender has made his appearance in a church the punishment is still more severe. Whoever is convicted of having induced another to intoxicate himself, is fined three dollars which sum is doubled if the person be a minor. An ecclesiastic who falls into this offence loses his benefice; if it is a layman, who occupies any considerable post his functions are suspended, and perhaps he is dismissed. Drunkenness is never an excuse for any crime; and whoever dies when drunk is buried ignominiously, and deprived of the prayers of the church. It is forbidden to give, and more explicitly to sell, any spirituous liquors to students, workmen, servants, apprentices, and private soldiers. Whoever is observed drunk in the streets, or making a noise in a tavern, is sure to be taken to prison and detained till sober, without, however, being on that account exempt from the fines. Half of those fines goes to the informers (who are generally police officers,) the other half to the poor. If the delinquent has no money, he is kept in prison till some one pays for him, or until he has worked out his enlargement. Twice a year these ordinances are read aloud from the pulpit by the clergy; and every tavern keeper is bound, under the penalty of a heavy fine, to have a copy of them hung up in the principal rooms of his house.—*Church of England Magazine.*

A gentleman who arrived here on Wednesday night last, from Point du Lac, brought intelligence of the effects of a severe gale on Lake St. Peter, between Monday night and Tuesday morning last, in consequence of which four rafts were broken up, and twenty five lives lost. One raft of red and white pine, belonging to Messrs. Poupard and Raymond, was completely wrecked—from which raft 12 lives were lost, (two of them brothers of Mr. Raymond,) 3 only having been saved. Another raft, belonging to Messrs. Thompson and Rogers, of Perth, (U. C.) was, on Tuesday morning, found strewn on the beach, all the crew, 13 in number, have perished; the bodies of 8 of the crew of this raft were found on the beach, dreadfully mutilated; among whom was the pilot, Jeremiah Campbell, one of the oldest and most experienced pilots on the river. Another raft, of oak, owned by Messrs. Porter, Gambil & Cameron, of Perth, (U. C.) is also a complete wreck, but no lives lost. The fourth raft, of red pine, belonging to Thompson and Brother, is also wrecked, no lives lost—the greater part of this last may be saved.

A New Pestilence.—An epidemic of a very fatal and hitherto unknown character

has been raging at Hatras throughout the entire cold weather. It still continues, though its virulence is considerably abated. It attacks under the form of a slight fever, which hangs about the patient for two or three days and then terminates in death. So great has been the mortality, that there is scarcely a family in the district which has not lost one or more of its members. It raged equally among all classes, and so great a dread did it cause, that numbers of people emigrated to escape the pestilence.—*East Indian.*

It is requested that all letters and exchange papers for the *Standard*, from the United States, be addressed to UNION, Franklin Co. Vermont.

MISSISSKOU STANDARD.

FRELIGHSBURG, NOV. 2, 1836.

It is possible for the lower classes of society to be immoral and corrupt, while public and private virtue continue to animate the middle and higher classes. In the Spartan republic the Helots were kept from policy in a state of utter degradation, while the spirit of pure virtue, as it was understood in those days, was kept alive among the citizens. But whenever vice becomes predominant in the higher circles, universal history informs us that the middle & lower ranks, if they have not already become vicious, are soon involved in the corruption of their superiors. The decay of the Grecian republics, and of the Roman empire, did not commence, until public virtue among the upper ranks had begun to waver. In Lower Canada, the vice and depravity of those who are put prominently forward as the elite of society, are become conspicuous in the members of the House of Assembly, and even in a higher quarter. Their influence, is now after the lapse of a few years beginning to work into the people. To the House of Assembly and to it alone, are we to ascribe the wretched social condition of the colony. Murders robberies, burglaries and every species of crime stalk the land unchecked. There is no appropriation of funds to aid government in the detection and conviction of offenders; the cities and towns are left without police and at the mercy of every gang of scoundrels. And yet when such men as horse jockies, are chosen as legislators, what are we to expect from legislation. An unhealthy spring does not send forth healing waters, nor does an Assembly vicious in its composition, pass laws for the suppression of vice. It is for the interest of anarchists, that anarchy should be the only law in the country. The midnight robber is not worse in principle than he who without the sanction of law, but having the power, robs the public treasury of money, the property of the people.

The dreadful increase of crime in the province is to be attributed to the House of Assembly and to his Excellency Lord Gosford.

The Montreal papers complain greatly of the hindrance, which the 'much talking' of the soda-water bottle, Jacques Viger. The Assembly, be it remembered, pumped into him the very solid sum of nearly £3,800 of the money of the province for doing nothing; but the gentleman is still so 'puffed up,' that on every occasion that presents itself, he lets his tongue loose, and it goes like the wheel of a mill. There is no variety in his observations,—the same roundabout sequence of words, words, words.

Providence, in an angry fit, has made him president of the Court of quarter-sessions; but Mr. Viger, instead of following the rules of the court, takes upon himself to be a condensed House of Assembly, and sets aside the laws of the country in the appointment of foreman of the Grand Jury. The Jury was requested to retire and elect their foreman. The Jury, not resenting this illegal request, did so, and named a juror who could neither read nor write. A grand juror who can neither read nor write!! This foreman was, of course, useless, and they were desired to retire and elect another. They did so, and elected one, who could talk only Seignior-gibberish. This would not do either, unless the Jury could be allowed an interpreter. They retired again, but report saith not how they got over the previous dilemma.

Their next appearance was on presenting some true bills against offenders.

We have heard many complaints against those employed by the Rail road Company, for rudeness, incivility and overcharge. So

general are these complaints, that several farmers have declared their intention of taking their teams to Laprairie as formerly.

We regret that any irregularity should have occurred in the distribution of the *Standard*, on the Manor and neighborhood. It shall be remedied.

Mr. Amos Wood, son of Samuel Wood, Esq., M. P. P., of Farnham, at the close of a squi rel hunt, on Friday evening last fired off his rifle; it burst, shattered three of the fingers and dislocated the joint of the thumb of his left hand. Dr. Chamberlin having been sent for, it was found necessary to amputate the ring finger at the second joint. The first joint of the little finger was blown off, but hopes are entertained that the remaining part, as well as the mid finger, may be saved.

To the Editor of the Mississkoui Standard.
SIR,—I send you a bill of the Champlain and St. Lawrence Rail Road Company, for freight of four light articles from Montreal to St. Johns, weighing in whole cwt 2. 0. 16. lb; from which it will appear evident, that, instead of the Co's operations lessening the price of freight, they have increased it more than double. I believe there is no merchant, in this section, who has paid at a higher rate than 2s. 6d. per cwt., for freight from Montreal to this place, including ferrage. If the Bill, sent herewith, is to be established as the regular tariff of articles, farmers and others who have property to transport, will find a great saving of expense, by taking their teams as heretofore to Laprairie. However of this, they can now judge for themselves, by weighing their articles and making an estimate according to the Company's Bill.

J. CHAMBERLIN.
Frelighsburg, 31st Oct., 1836.

Mr. Chamberlin, St. Johns, Oct. 27, 1836,
To the Champlain and St. Lawrence Railroad Company, Dr.
To Freight from Montreal, 2s. 6d.
1 Cask, 2s. 6d.
2 Jars, 1s. 6d.
One set of Tin Scales, 1s.
20 5s. 0d.

Received Payment,
For the Champlain and St. Lawrence Railroad Company.

V. TETUZ.

LIST OF LETTERS, & Papers in the Post Office at FRELIGHSBURG.

John Ayer, Mrs. Eliza Scofield,
Parker Cross, Daniel Ingalls,
Capt. Daniel Jones, Sutton,
Elwyn Bowker, John Dingman,
Wm. Brewster, Sutton,
William Reynolds, Cookville,
Miss Colinda Dearborn,
J. T. Prentiss, Sutton,
Bartholomew McKill, Charles Short,
Sarah H. Smith, Jason Brewer,
Michael Castilly, Asa Tisdale,
Jacob Smith 2, Fairfield, Vt.
Thomas Blacklock 2, Nathan Darling 2,
Representatives of the late Wm. Moffatt,
John McCradden, Eli Hawley.

PAPERS.
C. A. Seymour, H. N. Whitman,
John Baker, Esq., Geo. Bridgman,
Jonas Abbott, Mr. Reynolds,
N. Stephens, D. Westover,
J. CHAMBERLIN, P. M.
Post Office, Frelighsburg, 2d Nov. 1836.

Births.
On Monday, the 24th ultimo, Mrs. John B. Clark, of a Son.

Married.
On Tuesday, the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. R. Whitwell, W. W. Smith, Esq., to Miss Amanda, daughter of Abel Smith, all of Phillipsburg. In the Township of Dunham, on the 8th ult. by the Rev. Charles C. Cotton, Mr. Samuel Vanantwerp to Miss Eliza Traver, daughter of Peter Traver, both of Dunham.

Bright Venus on her rolling throne,
Is drawn by gentle birds alone,
And Cupid yokes the doves.

Notice.

I request all those who sent their certificates by me to Quebec for Lands in 1824, to meet me at S. Chandler's Hotel, on the 8th day of November next.

GEORGE SAX.
Stanbridge, Oct. 25th, 1836. V2 30—4f

Public Notice

I hereby given that the Havensville Mill is now in full operation, and the proprietor feels it his duty to the public as well as to himself, in consequence of some unfavorable reports circulated by some evil disposed persons, to assure them that he is able, and pledges himself to do as good work as can be done at any other Mill in the province. He would add that his Snot Mill, the only thing that failed to operate to his satisfaction at the commencement, has been remodeled, and is now pronounced by good judges who have examined it, to equal if not surpass any other they have ever seen; but as bad news always drives past while good news bails, he would apprise his friends of what they may have forgotten, that the proof of the pudding is in the eating of it and not in the steam.

M. HAVEN.
Dunham, Oct. 25th, 1836. V2 30—4f

Notice.

THE subscriber is desirous of purchasing one hundred Store Hogs,

and is now ready to receive them at his Distillery, at Bedford. Will also pay Cash and the highest prices for all kinds of GRAIN.
PHILIP H. MOORE.

Wanted,

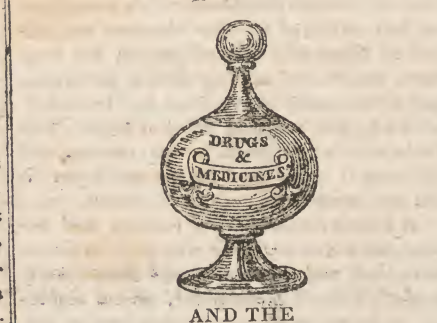
A YOUNG MAN, who has a knowledge of Business relative to a Country Store, to whom good encouragement will be given, by applying soon to the subscriber.
P. H. MOORE.
Bedford, October 25, 1836. V2 29.—4f.

Strayed,

FROM the pasture of the subscriber, in Dunham, two 2 year old HEIFERS, one yellow, with a star on the forehead, the other a dark red, with some white on the legs; any information respecting the same will be thankfully received by the subscriber, & all reasonable charges paid.
ARCHIBALD M. MILTIMORE.
Dunham October 21, 1836. V2 29.—4f.

Removal.

THE



Post Office

Are REMOVED from the Store of Mr. LEVI KEMP, to the New BUILDING erected on the premises of the undersigned.

All letters to be mailed are required to be delivered by 9 o'clock A. M. of Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, & Saturdays, otherwise they will remain in the Office until subsequent days of despatching the mail.

J. CHAMBERLIN,
Post Master.

Post Office, Frelighsburg, }
17th October, 1836. }



PURSUANT to the By-Law adopted by the SELECT GENERAL COMMITTEE of the Petitioners to the King and the two Houses of the Imperial Parliament at their meeting in June last, the several DELEGATES of the said Petitioners are requested to reassemble at the City of Montreal on the 8th day of November next, at the hour of TEN of the clock in the forenoon.

J. C. GRANT, Chairman,
STANLEY BAGG,
J. BOSTON,
H. DYER,
C. D. DAY,
THEODORE DAVIS,
D. DUFF,
ROBERT JONES,
J. MOLSON,
JUSTIN CUVILLIER,
T. J. JUDAH,
W. WALKER,
A. P. HART.

October 17. V2 30

Notice.

BROKE into the enclosure of the subscriber, on the 17th inst., a red COW, with a star on her forehead, and off born broken. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take her away.

EZRA BAKER.
Clarenceville, 18th October, 1836. V2 28—4f.

Notice.

I hereby certify that I have paid a certain

NOTE of

200 Dollars,

In favor of PAUL WHITNEY, bearing date April, 1819. Also one of 20 DOLLARS, payable to Amos Messor, date unknown. I hereby forbid any person or persons buying said Notes, as I have once lawfully paid them.

SAMUEL PATTERSON,
Liverpool, Medina Co., Ohio, Aug. 25th, 1836.

For Sale.

A valuable situation for a country Merchant, on the road from Frelighsburg to Phillipsburg—4 miles from the latter place. There are 30 acres of good LAND, 20 of which are improved; a DWELLING HOUSE, WOOD-SHED, BARN, and SHOE-MAKER'S SHOP. The buildings are new, and in excellent repair. Terms moderate. For particulars apply to the proprietor on the premises.

GEORGE FELLERS.
St. Armand West, 4th Oct. 1836. V2—264j

RAIL-ROAD LINE

OF

Mail Stages

FROM

STANSTEAD-PLAIN

TO

ST. JOHNS.

Messrs. CHANDLER, STEVENS, CLEMENT & TUCK.

FARE 3 1-2 DOLLARS, (17s 6d.) LEAVES St. Johns, Wednesday and Saturday mornings, and arrives at Stanstead Plain in the evening.

Leaves Stanstead Plain, Tuesday and Friday mornings, and arrives at St. Johns in the evening.

Passengers from Stanstead, may, if they please, breakfast in Montreal the next morning. Thus the advantages of this new line are obvious.

Machine Cards.

The subscriber, agent for Mr. S. P. Bent, manufacturer, Middlebury, Vermont, has received samples of the above; orders for which will be taken at low prices & executed with despatch.
JAMES COURT,
Commercial agent.
Montreal, 17th August, 1836. V2 20—12w

NEW STORE

&

New Goods!!

H. G. Smith

IS now receiving direct from New York, an entire new stock of

GOODS,

The new Store, just fitted up, a few doors south of P. H. Campbell's Hotel, in

ST. ALBANS,

where will be found a good assortment of

Fancy & Staple

Dry Goods;

among which are:—

Sheetings, Tickings,

Bating, Wadding,

Cotton Yarn, Wicking,

French, English & German

Merinoes,

Merino Circass.

Common do.

(a first rate article.)

Goats' Hair Camblets,

Common Camblets,

Figured and Plain ilks,

(of almost all colors.)

Silk, Velvet, &c.

Teas,

Tobacco, Spice, Pepper,

Ginger, Salaratus, Snuffs,

Raisins, Sugar, Coffee,

and almost all kinds of dry Goods, of a superior quality. A very large assortment of

Crockery

&

Glass Ware,

Hard Ware,

Nails, Glass,

Fish & Flour,

Paints & Oil,

Buffalo Robes, Caps,

Collars, Fur Tippets,

and other articles too numerous to mention; all of which will be sold for Cash or Produce, at very reduced prices. Inhabitants of Canada, intending to make purchases in this town, will find it for their interest to call and examine qualities and prices before purchasing elsewhere.

18th October, 1836. V2 28—6w

For Sale,

AN Excellent FARM, situated upon the main road, in the flourishing Township of Farnham, adjoining the residence of Samuel Wood, Esquire, M. P. P. The farm is advantageously situated, and contains 200 acres of land—one half under good improvement, upon which there is a dwelling house; and two new barns have been recently erected with a small shed attached to one of them. Title indisputable—terms liberal. For further particulars enquire of Dr. Chamberlin, of the village of Frelighsburg, or the undersigned proprietor.

SARAH WINCHESTER.
Dunham, 3d Sept., 1836. V2. 22, 12w.

New Goods.

THE subscribers have just received an extensive assortment of

Dry Goods,

consisting of a great variety of

Broad Cloths, Cassimeres,

Calicoes, Gingham,

French Muslins, Fig'd &

Plain Silks,

Summer stuffs,

Tuscany and Plain Straw

Bonnets, &c. &c.

—ALSO—

Crockery and Glass Ware,

Dry Groceries,

Lamp Oil,

Boiled Linseed Oil,

Raw do.

Red and White Lead,

Mackerel and Cod Fish,

Sole Leather,

Hardware,

Iron, Steel, Nails,

Scythes, scythe Snaths,

Rakes, scythe Stones and Rifles,

of the most approved kinds, &c. &c.

All of which are offered for sale as cheap and upon as liberal terms as at any Store in the County.

RUSSEL & ROBERTS.
Mississkoui Bay, June 23, 1836. V2 12w

WOODWARD & CLARKE.
Philadelphia